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A biography of Wilford Woodruff Clark told through other people called "Springdale's Patriarch", written by John R. Clark.

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"When Father was living with us after Mother Clark's death—or I should say, we were living with him in his home—Homer went to Chicago to the World's Fair to drive a car back for William. Father was helping me (in 1934) to milk the eighteen cows by hand. Father was just finishing his fourth cow, a fourteen-quart bucket held between his knees, filled to the brim with foaming milk. Suddenly the cow lifted her foot, placed it in the bucket, and stepped forward, overturning the milk. Father was milk-soaked to his knees, and I smiled, expecting him to say at least a little slang word. But what I heard was "well, well, well, Well... Well... WELL," each 'well' being stronger in tone. He went to the house, changed his wet clothing, and back he came as though nothing had happened, to finish the milking."

- Percie Tippetts Clark, wife of Homer Newell Clark, 1963.

"In 1945, Grandfather was harnessing and bridling a horse, and it took a step forward, right onto Grandfather's foot. His reaction was to pat the horse's neck to get it to move while exclaiming, "Heavy horse! Heavy horse!"

- John R. Clark, 1964.

"When it came to telling off-colored jokes, speaking evil of others, losing his temper, or interfering in the business of others, W. W. Clark was eccentric. Deviation from many of the more common things in the world can be a mark of good charac-

ter."

—Leland G. Larsen, husband of LeOra Clark (Larsen), 1956.

"Only once did I hear W.W.C. speak sharply. One spring he had been away when it came time to use the water for his meadow; the meadow had not been watered. He sought another chance at the water on the basis of some issue which he thought was just and fair. He was told by the water commissioner, 'You should have stayed home and attended to business.' Uncle replied, 'I will have you understand it is my business when and where I go!'"

- Walter Clark, 1961.

"He never swore nor used strong language of any kind. His favorite expletive was 'wonderful.' For example, 'It was wonderfully cold', or 'It was a wonderful pain'."

—Ruby Dorius Clark Rhodes, Russell's wife, 1961.

"One summer when most of the family was together at Springdale Farm, I addressed my brother Russell by name. Father spoke up, 'Son, call him 'doctor' for that is what he is.' He also emphasized that his son-in-law, Leland G. Larsen, should be called 'Judge' after he had been appointed to the bench."

—Howard N. Clark, eighth child of Wilford W. Clark, 1963